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One Halfpenny.

COURT OF INQUIRY SITTING IN SCOTS GUARDS RAGGING CASE.



In the old Methodist chapel, now used as an officers' library, at Aldershot, the court of inquiry ordered by Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, on the alleged ragging of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, by his brother officers opened yesterday. Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Morton is sitting as presi-

dent, and with him are Lieutenant-General A. S. Wynne, Major-General Sir Francis Howard, Brigadier-General Brown, and Colonel A. E. Codrington (on the right). Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy is marked with a cross. — (Further photographs will be found on pages 8 and 9.)

ANOTHER RESCUE FROM THE PIT

Lone Survivor's Wanderings
in the Mine at Lens.

25 DAYS ENTOMBED.

Touching Meeting of the Rescued
Man and His Wife.

AMAZING COOLNESS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LENS, Wednesday.—Another survivor of the great disaster at the Courrières mines was brought up alive from Pit No. 4, this morning.

The name of this man, who has been in the mine twenty-five days, is Auguste Berthon, and he is thirty-eight years old.

The wildest excitement was caused by the news of the rescue, and rumours and exaggerations of all kinds spread among the rough mining population, provoking them to renewed fury against the authorities, owing to whose neglect so many lives have evidently been sacrificed. It was for some hours believed that ten men had been found, wasted to a shadow by starvation, and a horrible tale gained credence that these miserable men had only kept life in them by feeding on the corpses of their dead comrades. These stories, however, finally proved to be quite devoid of foundation.

Berthon is the only survivor, and probably the last who will be brought from the death-pit. It is almost impossible to suppose that any other human being remains alive in the dark and pestiferous galleries.

COAL DUST AN ANTISEPTIC.

Berthon's case is even more remarkable than that of the thirteen men who were rescued last Friday. Despite his awful experience, he is in fair health. When I saw him he talked well, much more coherently than the other survivors, and said he did not feel "very tired." He was of course extremely thin, but his mind seemed to be clear and cool.

His face and figure were thickly covered with coal-dust; indeed, he looked like a black man. His legs were covered with slight wounds. When he was put to bed Dr. Legat prepared to dress them.

"Don't trouble," said Berthon coolly, "they'll get all right alone. With all that coal-dust on them they won't fester. It is a good antiseptic."

One of the most curious things is that Berthon imagines he was imprisoned in the mine only a week, instead of three days short of a month. He was, he says, led as by a band of twenty-seven other imprisoned miners. He slept the greater part of the time, and thus lost count of the lapse of days and weeks.

HOW BERTHON WAS FOUND.

Pit 4, where Berthon was rescued, had been closed down three or four days after the explosion, so as to allow a strong current of air to be driven through the mine for Pit No. 3. The pit was only reopened a day or two ago. Several exploration parties went down on Tuesday evening, and found a great number of corpses.

This morning at 7.45 three men were working on a shaft at the 1,000 feet level, when suddenly, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, they heard shouts of "Help, comrades, you have a light!"

The three men, thinking it was the voice of one of the rescuers, who had got lost in the mine and whose lamp had gone out, hurried towards the spot from which the voice came. There they met a man, who slapped one of the party on the shoulders, shouting out: "I am saved. I am saved—saved at last!"

SHOOK HANDS WITH THE DOCTOR.

In answer to questions the poor fellow exclaimed: "My name is Auguste Berthon, and I have been in the mine since the day of the explosion." As soon as the men had recovered from the shock the experience gave them, they led Berthon to the cage. A coat was thrown over the poor fellow's head, so that he should not be blinded by the light of day. News was at the same time telephoned to the surface, and amidst the utmost excitement the poor fellow was brought to the mouth of the pit, accompanied by his comrades. Berthon was laid on a stretcher and taken across the road to the room which has hitherto been used as a morgue. Dr. Legat was soon on the spot, and the shutters of the room were closed, so as to admit as little light as possible.

After shaking hands with the doctor, Berthon turned to those around and said: "Go and advise my wife, but do so gently, as they have published me as dead. Tell my cousin and Foreman Tayes." When the foreman entered the room Berthon

said: "Oh, there here are, Friend Tayes. I thought I should never set eyes on you again."

At that moment a gentle voice near exclaimed: "Let me help you, dear." It was Berthon's wife, who had entered quietly.

In an instant husband and wife were in each other's arms, and remained in a silent embrace for several minutes.

When at length they separated the faces of both were wet with tears.

Berthon is a little delicate man, thin and spare.

WANDERINGS IN THE MINE.

In proceeding to give some account of his awful experiences, he said: "At the time of the explosion we were running towards the shaft. I slipped and fell, but the others rushed on."

"I felt drowsy and went to sleep. When I came to myself I had a very bad headache and my lamp had gone out. I looked ahead to see if I could see or hear anything of my cousin, who had been running beside me, but I could not do so. I began to suffer from nausea."

"I then managed to get into the main collieries leading to the shaft. I came across a stream of water, which was really tepid, but tasted as cold as ice to me. It was very dirty, but I drank a mouthful, and turning over a trolley slept in it. It was a hard bed, but I slept all the same. I do not know how long I slept, but when I awoke I felt hungry. I tried to get something to eat, but could find nothing until I came across a dead horse."

SHIVERING WITH COLD.

"Then I said: 'If I cannot find anything better I will cut stakes from this horse.' I found a hatchet and chopped the horse open. It was awful—so horrid that I had to throw away the piece I tried to eat."

"Then a sort of a faint came over me. I became tired out and went to sleep again. Then I got up and wandered in the collieries until I reached an inclined plane. I went down this, and found myself to be in the Josephine vein."

"Here I discovered what turned out to be some wallets belonging to dead workmen and containing bread, sausages, and meat. With these provisions I made my way back to the inclined plane, and made a bed of a heap of coal."

"But soon I found I was shivering with cold. The mine had cooled down considerably by this time. I searched round till I found some corpses, and, taking the clothes from them, I heated them on myself. In the pocket of one of the dead men I found three shillings and some pence."

"Did you not lose hope?" asked the doctor.

"I did not at first, but later on I became despairing," was the reply. "I made one journey to look for the hatchet I had left behind. I wanted it in order to cut open my veins, so that I might bleed to death, since it seemed I was not to be rescued. But while I was looking for the hatchet I came across some brandy and coffee. I drank it, and it saved my life. It put new hope into me, and made me believe after all I should be saved. From that time I renewed my attempts to escape."

LOST COUNT OF TIME.

"How long were you in the mine do you think?" asked the doctor.

"About a week," was the reply. "You have been entombed twenty-five days," Berthon was informed.

"Well," he replied carelessly, "it is very possible. I lost all count of time. This morning of God's good luck I was taken in the direction of the shaft, and when I found I was going that way I knew I was saved."

Only yesterday, Berthon said, some of the exploring party passed him when he was partly asleep. They turned him over and, taking him to be one of the numerous corpses, did not stay long enough to examine him properly.

ANGRY WOMEN.

After Berthon's rescue immense crowds of women got past the soldiers and tried to enter the pit. They were with difficulty prevented.

One of the officers who accompanied the rescue party was violently assaulted by a mob of angry women. He was rescued from their clutches by gendarmes.

The exploration parties with a Government official have gone down the mine again, and will remain down till to-morrow morning to look for other survivors.

The public anger against the mine officials has risen to a very dangerous pitch, and great fears are feared. The men are exciting their women to disorder, as they believe the soldiers would not fire against females.

JOKE AFTER RESCUE.

LENS, Wednesday.—As in the case of the thirteen previous survivors, Berthon preferred to make his own ablutions. Warm water was brought, and, with the assistance of his wife, he got out of bed and washed. During the process she scrubbed his nose a little roughly, whereupon he exclaimed: "If you look me about so soon you will make me wish that I had remained down below!" Then he burst out laughing.—Reuter.

The Prefect of Lens has congratulated Berthon on his escape, and M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, sent him the congratulations of the Government.

ZULU RISING SPREADS

Rebel Natives Fire Upon the Police and
Cut Telegraph Wires.

The trouble in Natal caused by the rebellious Zulu chief Bambata proves to be even more serious than was at first believed.

His warriors have cut the telegraph wires near Greytown, and have fired upon the pursuing band of police and civilians, causing them to retire. There are no tidings to hand of the Regent Magwababa, who was carried off by the rebels, and the gravest consequences are feared for this loyal chief.

Indeed, it is known that a dispatch has been received on the subject at the Colonial Office, but its contents are not yet made public. This may mean that he has already been slain, as Bambata threatened.

FARMS PILLAGED.

DURBAN, Wednesday.—The natives under the chief Bambata are cutting the telegraph wires and have fired upon a party of police and civilians beyond Greytown.

It is reported that they have pillaged two farms, seizing the arms and ammunition there.—Reuter.

DURBAN, Wednesday.—The magistrate of the district, supported by sixty police, is expected to reach Greytown shortly, when he will be joined by Colonel Mansell's field force, numbering 180.

About 100 Zulu-native police will arrive to-night, making Colonel Mansell's column fairly complete, excepting as regards big guns. He has however, several maxims.—Laffan.

DEATH OF A NIECE OF THE QUEEN.

Princess Louise of Schaumburg-Lippe Carried Off at
the Early Age of Thirty-one.

VIENNA, Wednesday.—A telegram from Nachod (Bohemia) announces the death of Princess William of Schaumburg-Lippe from apoplexy of the heart. Princess Louise of Schaumburg-Lippe, the



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.

daughter-in-law of Prince William, died at Nachod this morning from cerebral inflammation, from which she had been suffering for several weeks.—Reuter.

(Princess Louise was in her thirty-second year. She was the daughter of the King of Denmark, and therefore niece of Queen Alexandra.)

AMOK WITH AN AXE.

Dismissed Official Attacks an Indian Magistrate and
Others, and is Disarmed by a Crowd.

BOMBAY, Wednesday.—A dismissed octroi inspector at Lalipur, in the Jhansi district, ran amok to-day and cut-down with an axe Mr. J. M. Smith, the assistant-magistrate, and a native deputy-collector.

Mr. Smith has a bad wound in his neck, and the deputy-collector's face was cut open from his eye to his mouth. The condition of both is somewhat serious.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Germany has obtained permission to land a cable at Morocco on the same terms as the existing British, Spanish, and French cables.

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the well-known American actress, is suffering from appendicitis at Boston, and will have to undergo an operation.

Great damage was caused yesterday by a fire started, it is supposed, by sparks from a passing engine, at Sutton Park, Birmingham, many fine trees and shrubs in an area of about fifty acres being destroyed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Moderate or fresh south-easterly and southerly winds; fine and sunny early in the day, cloudy by afternoon, with rain in many places by evening; mild. Lighting-out time, 7.36 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate in the east; moderate or rather rough in the south and west.

"RAGGING" REVELATIONS.

Official Inquiry Into Scots
Guards Scandal.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

Charges of "Uncleanliness" Met
with Physical "Moral Suasion."

In the Prince Consort's Library, near the South Camp, Aldershot, yesterday began the second episode—the official inquiry—in the famous Scots Guards "ragging" case.

The trial has reference to the treatment of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, and the four officers implicated are:—

Lieutenant C. V. Hamilton.
Lieutenant H. V. C. Dalrymple-Hamilton.
Lieutenant F. R. Harford.
Lieutenant B. G. Jolliffe.

Early in the proceedings it appeared that there are elements of tragedy in this affair, the more bizarre features of which are already known to the public.

There is the pathetic figure of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, who is enduring, with apparent calmness, the description in public of the humiliations he has undergone.

There is the grizzled colonel of the regiment who, over and over again, protests that he desires to take upon himself the blame for all that occurred.

There are the various officers directly concerned in the "ragging," who are all equally anxious to insist that what they did was entirely on their own prompting, and was not suggested by their superiors, and that they did it knowing it to be a serious breach of discipline.

But when the inquiry opened it was its picturesque element that first impressed the beholders.

IMPRESSIVE COURT SCENE.

At one end of the library sat the Court, the president, Lieut.-General Mortton, commanding the Seventh Division, supported by Lieut.-General A. S. Wynne, Major-General Sir Francis Howard, Brigadier-General Brown and Colonel A. E. Codrington—all in dress uniform. On the wall in the background hung various warlike trophies—rifles, groups of spears, breastplates, and casques. Colonel St. Clair was present as Judge-Advocate. General Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., represented the accused officers, and with him was Mr. William Willis.

Flanking the court were Army Service Corps shorthand writers, and facing the president sat nearly a score of officers of the Scots Guards, including the four who are under "open arrest." All the officers wore the dark blue, be-ribboned coats and gold lace of dress uniform, and with their caps, shoulder ornaments or epaulettes, medal ribbons, and broad scarlet stripe on the trousers made an effective scene. It was a study in blue and gold.

THE VICTIM OF THE RAGGING.

Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy was provided with a seat facing the Court. Tall, slim, unhealthily pale, he gave his evidence in a calm, colourless manner, fingering his plaid-braided peaked cap.

He has a thin, prominent nose, the line of which, with those of his forehead, and slightly receding chin make a bold curve. The face is almost of the "hatchet" type. The skin is blotchy and pale, inclined to grey.

He was asked to relate the incidents complained of, and he prefaced his statement with the remark:—

"I do not wish to give any evidence against my brother officers. But I cannot help doing so."

He had been suffering from a skin disease, and reported himself to the adjutant, who referred him to Surgeon-Major Whiston. That officer sent him to London for treatment, and after undergoing a course of baths and other remedies for three weeks, he returned to his duties, when he found that his brother officers refused to speak to him.

IT WAS NO JOKE.

After he had changed for dinner on the evening of March 15, he was brought before a mock court martial in the billiard-room, composed of Lieut. C. V. P. Hamilton, "the president," Lieut. H. V. C. Dalrymple-Hamilton, Lieut. F. R. Harford, and Lieut. B. G. Jolliffe.

"Was it a joke?" asked the president.

"It was no joke," the charges were too serious. "The charges were that I was in a filthy condition; that I had not washed for weeks; that I had not cleaned my teeth for a month; and that I had scabies."

"Who were the officers?"
"Mr. Jolliffe was the prosecutor, and Messrs. Jervoise, Ballantine-Dyke, Ramsey, Drummond, Smith Granger, and Lord Glamis were present."
"I denied being dirty," continued Mr. Clark-Kennedy, "and said I had returned cured of a skin disease. They said that Surgeon-Major

(Continued on page 4.)

BRIGAND'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Kills Two Persons and Wounds
Six Before Being Captured.

DESPERATE DIVE.

ROME, Tuesday.—The notorious brigand Faltori has at last fallen into the clutches of the law at Padua after an exciting struggle with the police and soldiery deputed to capture him. The exploits of the brigand had resulted in the placing upon his head of a price of £500, and when it was discovered that he was in hiding at the house of a cousin in Padua the building was promptly surrounded by gendarmes.

Faltori, however, managed for the time to give his would-be captors the slip, and made off with the gendarmes at his heels. He was armed with an eight-chambered revolver, with which he terrorised all who got in his way, and his escape seemed certain; when he ran almost into the arms of a score of soldiers, who hemmed him in.

Quick Pistol Practice.

Quick as thought, he fired four shots in rapid succession, wounding four of the soldiers, and in the ensuing confusion he again got away.

The gendarmes meanwhile maintained the pursuit, and one officer faster than the rest was on the point of overtaking the fugitive, when the latter turned and shot him dead, immediately afterwards directing the weapon at two of the leading gendarmes, both of whom were gravely wounded.

With but one cartridge remaining in his revolver the brigand sought to take refuge in a house, and when the owner barred his passage he killed him with his remaining charge. Up to this time Faltori had been favoured with most extraordinary luck, for though he had been repeatedly fired at by his pursuers none of the shots had taken effect.

He was now, however, nearly spent, and as a last desperate resource leaped the parapet of a bridge spanning the Brechiglione into the river, from which he was dragged. The gendarmes now had all their work cut out to protect their handcuffed prisoner from the fury of the crowd.

As it was, before the prison was reached one of his eyes was torn out, and he sustained an ugly cut on the face.—Central News.

ROYAL YACHT STORMBOUND.

Start Will Be Made from Marseilles To-day if the
Weather Permits.

In consequence of a storm at sea the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with King Edward and Queen Alexandra on board, was detained at Marseilles yesterday.

In the afternoon the King went out in his motor-car.

The royal cruise is being made without any fixed plan, and depends on the King's fastidious wish to be the only guide as to the yacht's course.

If the weather permits the yacht will depart at eleven to-day.

NAPLES, Wednesday.—The authorities here have been officially informed that King Edward will arrive to-morrow, escorted by the cruisers Carnarvon and Berwick and four destroyers.—Reuter.

STAND COLLAPSES WITH SIXTY BOYS.

One Carried from Field Unconscious, While Many
Are Badly Cut and Bruised.

During the progress of a football match yesterday evening at Barry, near Cardiff, a stand occupied chiefly by a number of boys suddenly collapsed, precipitating about sixty of them ten feet to the ground.

Several were badly cut and bruised, and many suffered severely from shock, while a son of Mr. J. L. Davies, of Calorton, was carried home unconscious, suffering from concussion of the spine and a fractured rib.

Many of the lads were pinned down beneath heavy pieces of timber, and it was considered fortunate that no fatality resulted.

DEATH CAME TOO LATE.

To gain for his wife £4000 on an insurance policy expiring on April 1, Mr. Joseph Wilson, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., took laudanum last Friday, but a doctor prolonged his life until Monday, when he died, losing the insurance.

GIRL TEACHER'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

Miss Mabel Turner, the pupil teacher whose indentures were terminated by the Rotherham Borough Council because she wore an engagement ring, is not to be reinstated.

RAGGING SCANDAL INQUIRY OPENED.

Mock Court-Martial on Scots Guards Lieutenant Who Was
Smeared with Oil by His Brother Officers.

(Continued from page 3.)

Whiston had made a report in writing as to my being dirty.

"They wrote down what I said, and said I was guilty of contempt of court for not answering certain questions. Then I was marched out of the room.

"On being brought back I was sentenced to a bath. They made me strip and covered me with a motor oil and put strawberry jam over my mouth. They kept my clothes, and I escaped to my bedroom.

"Two of them followed me upstairs, and the screen in my room was thrown at me. Then I locked the door, and when I heard others coming up I dropped out of the window and went to the Queen's Hotel, where I explained that my curtains had caught fire.

"I cleaned myself as well as I could at the hotel."

On the question of his allowance Mr. Clark-Kennedy explained that since August, when he joined the regiment, he had had in all £490, out of which



LIEUT.-COL. CUTHBERT.

he had paid his regimental expenses. He had overdrawn his account at the bank.

Cross-examined by Lord Robert Cecil, he admitted suffering from skin-disease, but his doctor told him many well-known and respectable people suffered from it.

He did not remember that his brother-officers had ever complained that he did not wash his feet, but they said his mouth was dirty. This was due to his stomach, from which he suffered.

Their first complaint was about the style of one of his coats.

At this point the president desired the Army Service Corps reporters to read out their notes of Mr. Clark-Kennedy's evidence. But after a few sentences it was found that the notes were decipherable, and the assistance of one of the Press representatives was asked for and promptly given, after which experience the president was careful to request each witness to speak slowly, so that the official reporters could cope with his utterances.

According to rank, as the witnesses were called, they saluted the Court with the right hand, the right foot being drawn up with Guardsmen-like smartness.

Colonel and Moral Suasion.

Colonel G. J. Cuthbert, commanding the Scots Guards, questioned by the president, declared he was in no way consulted as to the mock court-martial.

When it was reported to him that Mr. Clark-Kennedy was in so deplorable a condition, and that great disgust was felt by his brother-officers, he had said: "was disgraced that such a thing should exist among young men of their rank and station, but that it was a question for his brother officers."

"What did you mean by that?" asked the president.

"That moral pressure should be brought to bear upon him."

"You did not think that moral pressure would lead to physical force?"

"No." At the same time he desired to take full responsibility for what had occurred.

When Mr. Clark-Kennedy told him of these incidents he mentioned no names. "Mr. Clark-Kennedy behaved very well, I think," said the colonel.

The colonel was closely cross-examined by Lord Robert Cecil as to what he actually said to the adjutant with reference to the treatment he thought should be given to Mr. Clark-Kennedy.

He said that he had recommended to the adjutant that the best thing would be for Mr. Clark-Kennedy's brother officers to bring moral pressure to bear.

"Moral pressure by subalterns is likely to end in physical force, is it not?" asked the president, causing a general smile.

"But you did not foresee what would be the

result of your words," he continued, and the Colonel admitted that he did not.

He then described his correspondence with Mr. Clark-Kennedy's father, in which the latter explained that his son, notwithstanding his complaint under this head, had an ample allowance.

On the Court resuming after an interval, Brigadier-General Lloyd, C.B., D.S.O., was called, and related how, on hearing of the matter, he had ordered all officers back from leave, and held an inquiry, the result of which was that the four officers principally concerned were arrested.

"Up to that time," said the Brigadier, "Mr. Clark-Kennedy's name had not been brought to my notice either favourably or unfavourably."

Captain and Adjutant R. V. Stracey gave evidence concerning his conversation with Colonel Cuthbert and the subalterns.

Surgeon-Major Whiston reported to me early in March that Mr. Clark-Kennedy was in a very dirty condition. He was covered with rash. His mouth was swollen, and he was suffering from septic poisoning. The nurse at the hospital said she found Mr. Clark-Kennedy in a very obnoxious state.

"I reported this to the commanding officer," said the adjutant, "and he said that the matter rested entirely with the subalterns."

For the Subalterns to Deal With.

"I take entire blame on myself," said Captain Stracey, "for the manner in which the colonel's words were conveyed by me to Lieut. Hamilton, the senior subaltern, if there was any misapprehension."

"But in what way did you tell the subalterns?" asked the president.

"I think I said 'the commanding officer says it is a matter for the subalterns to deal with.'"

"I have been told," said Captain Stracey, "that Mr. Clark-Kennedy had been in the habit of going to London in the afternoon and not returning until late at night. As regards his military duties, there has been no fault to find."

"Was there any idea of driving Mr. Clark-Kennedy out of the regiment?" asked Lord Robert Cecil.

"None whatever."

"Are the officers you represent capable officers?"

"Quite capable in every respect."

"Has there been any habit of bullying or ragging in this regiment?"

"No, sir." (Emphatically.)

Wanted To Know How He Was.

The four officers under arrest then gave evidence, each relating his account of what took place at the "ragging."

Each of Mr. Clark-Kennedy went to his bedroom we followed," said Lieutenant Hamilton, "and finding the door locked, burst it open."

"We simply wanted to know what he had done and how he was."

Lieutenant Hamilton corroborated the evidence of the colonel and the adjutant that nothing had been said by either of them to suggest a court-martial.

"There was to be no court-martial and no pump."

He knew a court-martial was against the regulations. Who suggested the court-martial, not one of the officers could say. All agreed that it was an idea that seemed to occur to many of them at the same moment.

Who produced the motor oil? Who produced the jam? Who produced the insect powder? were questions the president asked each witness. But no one seemed to know where these things came from. Each was ready to take all the responsibility on himself.

Lieutenant Orr-Ewing said that insect powder had been sprinkled over Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy's clothing.

Colonel Cuthbert's Impatience.

"Did Mr. Clark-Kennedy struggle?" asked the president of Lieutenant Ballantyne Dyke.

"Oh, no, sir," was the reply.

"What they had done was for the honour of the regiment."

All agreed that, apart from the doctor's report of his condition, they had nothing against the lieutenant personally.

When Lieutenant Ramsay stated that one night, at Chelsea, Mr. Clark-Kennedy came to the bar, the president called Mr. Clark-Kennedy forward.

"Have you any questions to ask?" he said.

"No, sir."

"You have heard what the witness has stated?"

"Yes, sir."

As each officer protested that he knew he was breaking the rules in holding a mock court-martial, Colonel Cuthbert seemed to lose patience, finally asking leave to speak.

He said he felt bound to say that if these officers had the remotest idea that he had desired them to deal with the matter in the way they had done, they would have done so even against their own judgment.

"They are a most loyal set of officers," he said fervently.

The inquiry was adjourned till this morning.

LUCKY MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Wins £28 with His First Stake at the
Casino of Monte Carlo.

Most people—and Birmingham people in particular—will probably consider Mr. Chamberlain as one of the lucky ones of the earth.

Though not a sportsman, in the sense that Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour are, the ex-Colonial Secretary appears to have, in common with the rest of mankind, some gambling instincts.

Anyhow, being in Monte Carlo on holiday, the right hon. gentleman decided to do as others do by trying his luck at the tables.

On Saturday, in company with Mrs. Chamberlain, he entered the Casino, having broken the journey on the way to San Remo.

Mr. Chamberlain watched the play for some time, and then placed a gold coin on No. 22. The wheel was turned, Mr. Chamberlain watched carefully, and No. 22 won.

Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, was richer by £28, and seemed to be very pleased with his success.

LADY MARY STEALS A MARCH.

Surprise Visit of the Marquis of Graham and His
Fiancee to Saxmundham.

All the excitement in the Eye election centred in Saxmundham yesterday, the sluggish little Suffolk town being stirred by the advent of Lady Mary Hamilton and her fiancé, the Marquis of Graham.

Free-trade principles were to have been expounded in what Saxmundham calls its market-square at four o'clock, but half an hour before the Lady Mary, Lady Helen, Lady Graham, and the Marquis had driven in from Loxton in a blue-bedecked victoria, and were comfortably seated on the very site on which the Liberals had cast their eyes.

Lady Mary smiled and applauded her lover's fighting speech, while Saxmundham reverberated with rousing cheers.

When Lady Mary and Lord Graham had driven off a freetrade orator tried to deliver a speech, but cheers for the Marquis and Lady Mary drowned his voice, and after repeated attempts to make himself heard he desisted.

DAMAGES FOR A WOODEN LEG.

Amusing Illustration of Workmen's Compensation
Given in House of Commons.

A diverting illustration of the experiences of employers who are required to compensate injured workmen was given by Mr. H. G. Montgomery, the Liberal member for Bridgwater (Somerset), in the House of Commons last night during the debate on the second reading of the Workmen's Compensation Bill.

He knew of a case, he said, in which a workman engaged in brick-making met with an accident, involving the loss of his foot. He claimed compensation, and obtained, among other things, a wooden leg.

Subsequently there was another accident—this time to the wooden leg, and up came the man once more for compensation. He got it!

From claims of this type, Mr. G. Montgomery, employers should be defended.

The debate was adjourned. The Education Bill will be introduced by Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons on Monday next.

M.P.'S WHITE WAISTCOAT.

The first white waistcoat of the season made its appearance in the House of Commons yesterday. The wearer was Mr. H. Raphael, the Liberal member for South Derbyshire.

100 DEGREES IN THE SUN.

Experts Unable To Say Whether the Sunshine Will
Continue Until Easter.

England revelled yesterday in another taste of premature summer.

Whether the ideal spring spell will last till Easter, the weather experts cannot tell.

Here are the places in the kingdom that have enjoyed the warmest sunshine:—

	Temp. in sun.
Oxford	100 degrees
Edinburgh	100 degrees
Jersey	100 degrees

Despite the warmth of the days, however, there has been frost at nights. Here are the places where the temperature has fallen lowest:—

	Temp.
Newcastle	32 degrees
Oxford	33 degrees
Nottingham	33 degrees

The frosts have all been dry ones, so that no danger to crops is anticipated.

His Majesty has ordained that her Highness Princess Ena of Battenberg shall henceforth be styled "Her Royal Highness."

"TAME" DEER THAT KILLED A MAN.

Greenwich Park Superintendent Vigorously
Defends the Accused.

On the verdict to-day at the inquest to be held on the body of a man named Sadler, a hairdresser of Greenwich, hangs the fate of a tame deer, who is at present under arrest as the cause of the man's death, and is awaiting sentence at Greenwich Park.

If the coroner brings in a verdict of malicious assault, the unfortunate beast will suffer the utmost penalty of the law, but if, as seems probable, the verdict is Death by Misadventure, he will be absolved from all blame, and set at liberty again.

"I am ready to swear that the deer is innocent of all malicious intent," said the superintendent of the park to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "The only charge that can be made against him is an excess of friendliness."

"It is the visitors in the park, and not the animal, who are to be blamed for the fatal accident. In spite of the strictest injunctions to the contrary, people will insist on feeding the deer out of paper bags and parcels, and the animals have now come to expect food, and look out for people with parcels of any description."

"Mr. Sadler was walking through the park engrossed in his morning paper," he went on, "and the deer, imagining from the manner in which he held it, that it was a large and particularly inviting bag of cakes, trotted up in the most friendly manner to be fed, and poked his nose through the paper."

"This so alarmed Mr. Sadler, who up to that moment had not noticed the animal, that he waved the paper in the deer's face, thus hoping to scare it away."

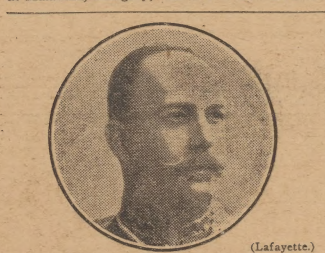
"Unfortunately it became entangled in the animal's horns, and the terrified beast, imagining in his turn that he was being attacked, charged his assailant, and hurled him to the ground."

"This, I am convinced," the superintendent continued, "is the only possible solution of the mishap, for the deer is an old and trusted playmate of my little children, and one of the tamest in the herd."

PRINCE HENRY OF PLESS HURT.

Duchess of Westminster's Brother-in-Law Thrown
from His Horse While Hunting.

VIENNA, Wednesday.—Prince Henry of Pless, while hunting yesterday on Prince Palffy's estates at Malaczka, Hungary, was thrown from his horse



PRINCE HENRY OF PLESS.

and broke his leg in two places. He is being brought to the Loew private hospital in Vienna.—Reuter.

GLOVES AT POST-MORTEMS.

Medical Student's Death Through Infection Raises an
Important Question for Doctors.

"Gloves are never worn at the Westminster Hospital," said Dr. Burnsteyn yesterday at an inquest on Robert Warren Newman, a medical student, who was found to have died through receiving infection at a post-mortem examination.

"Is that a regulation?" asked Mr. Troutbeck, the coroner.

"No, it is a principle founded on experience and common sense," replied Dr. Burnsteyn.

"But other hospitals have to come to that conclusion," persisted the coroner.—My predecessor wore gloves, and in consequence received an infection which resulted in the loss of his arm.

The coroner referred to the dangers to which pathologists were exposed, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

PROFITS ON BREAD AND CAKE.

At the ninth annual meeting of the V.V. Bread Company yesterday, the chairman announced that the profits for the past twelve months, amounting to £39,654, were larger than those of any previous year.

He attributed the satisfactory state of affairs to the high quality of the bread and the fact that their cake department had grown considerably.

SWEETHEARTS' VISIT TO A PALMIST.

Judge's Stern Comments on "Rubbishy" Evidence in a
Breach of Promise Action.

Dear Madam.—I am obliged for your note. I do not know what information Mr. Charlesworth has given you, but I think an interview desirable. If you will name an hour on Saturday I will call at your address.—Yours truly, A. NERVY SMITH.

The sequel of this note was a breach of promise action brought before Mr. Justice Bucknill yesterday by its recipient, Miss Annie Kate Pendred, against the writer, who is an engineer holding an important position in India.

The "Mr. Charlesworth" referred to was the proprietor of a matrimonial agency, on whose books in the summer of 1903 the names of Mr. Smith and Miss Pendred both found themselves.

The former was home on a holiday from India; the latter had returned from Australia, where, owing to the reduced circumstances of her family, she had been earning her living as head saleswoman in a costumer's shop.

Particularly Suitable "Parti."

The fair costumer was informed by the matrimonial agent that, living a few doors away from the boarding-house where she herself was staying in Gower-street, was a "parti" who fulfilled all her requirements. A widower, middle-aged, and possessed of very comfortable means—£1,000 a year from his profession, in addition to a private fortune.

So when Miss Pendred read the above note from the eligible "parti" she at once made an appointment.

The meeting was in every way satisfactory, according to Mr. Clavell Salter, K.C. It took place in the boarding-house reception-room, and Mr. Smith made some flattering inquiries about Miss Pendred's past life, her religious views, her habits, and her opinions on matters in general.

But he did more than this. The next day was a Sunday. He came and asked for the honour of escorting her to church. And on Monday he took her to the theatre.

Visits to the Trocadero, strolls in Hyde Park at church parade time, walks in Fleet-street to see the shops, and discussions on the propriety of wives and husbands opening one another's letters, filled up the next section of Mr. Salter's story.

So interested was Mr. Smith in Miss Pendred's suitability to become his wife that he consulted a Regent-street palmist on the subject. They went together to the business abode of Miss Lovell, who professed that the future lay open before her.

Curious About "Filtrations."

Mr. Smith went in first and made the arrangements, and then he took Miss Pendred upstairs. Afterwards he eagerly asked what the palmist had divulged. He said that he wanted to find out about her previous filtrations.

Among the confidences that her lover had already imparted to Miss Pendred—counsel's story ran—was the fact that he had several grown-up sons and daughters in India and elsewhere. While the courtship was at its height, one of the sons came to England.

Mr. Smith seemed to be excited about this, and when Miss Pendred said to him: "Does our engagement depend on your son's approval?" he exclaimed with warmth: "It is I, not my son, who is going to marry you."

He endeavoured to find his son at "church parade," for the purpose of introducing Miss Pendred, but he failed.

Then Mr. Smith had an attack of rheumatic gout, which necessitated a visit to the waters of Homburg. This visit formed the turning-point in the story.

After taking leave of her lover on his departure for Germany, and receiving his assurance that he would be back again by her side in a fortnight, she never saw him again.

She had in the meantime removed from Gower-street to Streatham, and from there she reminded him of his promise by letters. She had kept copies

CAROUSAL OF CAPTAIN AND MATE.

In a Board of Trade inquiry at Hull yesterday on a series of collisions between the trawler *Jay* and the Great Central Railway Company's passenger steamers *Manchester* and *Cleethorpes*, the skipper of the trawler admitted that he and the second hand were both under the influence of drink.

The Court cancelled the skipper's certificate and suspended the second hand for three years.

NEW ISSUE.

The London Central Motor Omnibus Company has a capital of £260,000, in shares of £1 each, 230,000 of which are now offered for subscription at 4s. The company will take over eight motor-omnibuses at present running, together with contracts for the manufacture and supply of 166 motor-omnibus chassis and thirty-six motor-omnibuses mentioned in the prospectus.

of these letters, and Mr. Salter read them one by one.

Another week has come and gone. I still trust and believe in you, although it seems that you are trying to get away from me. I will not believe that you have betrayed and forsaken me. There must be some reason for your silence.

My darling, I love you the same as ever. Will you not come and see me? I have no one but myself to look to in the future. At times I feel that I do not and do not care what becomes of me. Do you ever look at my photo?

Do you ever look back on the happy hours we have spent together? I live on the memories of the pleasures you have given me, and hope those hours may return. There was no response, so Miss Pendred made another attempt.

Dearest.—As you persistently ignore my letters, I am compelled to do what is very distasteful to me—to come to your door, and wait for an explanation of your extraordinary silence. I can endure it no longer. For over six months you paid me more than ordinary attentions, taking me out to dinner and to entertainments.

When the time comes to introduce me to your friends, I go away and leave me.

Unless you come out and see me this evening I shall come to the house. My patience is at last exhausted.—Always the same, Annie.

Last Appeal—"Heart to Heart."

Although Mr. Smith did not come out to meet his sweetheart in Gower-street, the latter did not let the threat to visit him. She tried yet another letter:—

It does not seem any use writing to you, dearest. Something within me, however, seems to say, "Go on hoping, and all will come well." Think of all those happy hours we spent together heart to heart! I have tried all sorts of things. Have you formed an attachment at Homburg? Altogether it is an enigma, but I still think you belong to me and to your heart in the right arm of your wife.

I would rather share your sorrows than your joys. When I went to church I heard the 101st Psalm, my favourite. It always comforts me. When I knelt at the altar you only were in my thoughts. Won't you listen to my plea?—With all love, ever the same, Annie.

After this Miss Pendred made a sad, sad discovery. Mr. Smith had returned to India without her, to the "jungle home" which he had asked her to share.

Then she wrote:—

May God forgive you for the cruel wrong you have done. I am simply broken-hearted at your going back to India. As God is my witness I have given you no cause to treat me in this way. I have your address in Bangalore, and will wait for a reply. Failing this I shall write to your son and daughter. I love you still, in spite of all, and wish I could wake up and find it all a hideous nightmare. Do, do, my darling, pause before you cast away a true woman's love.

Mr. Smith's reply was the return of a photograph which Miss Pendred had given him on Christmas Day.

No Ring or Love-Letters.

In the witness-box the lady, who was garbed in springlike attire, admitted that she had not received any permanent love-token, such as a ring. Nor had she had any love-letters from Mr. Smith—only the note that opened the acquaintance.

Miss Lovell, the palmist, was called as a witness, a proceeding of which Mr. Justice Bucknill expressed disapproval.

"What have we got to do with palmists?" he said. "The trade of palmists is altogether illegal and wrong. They trade on the delusions and credulity of people."

The Judge said to Mr. Vaughan Williams when he cross-examined Miss Lovell: "For goodness sake don't advertise her, and he added: 'I once sent to prison one of these palmists who had falsely told an unfortunate wife that her husband had been unfaithful to her.'"

Did you ever listen to such a lot of rubbish?" added his lordship, when the palmist had finished stating her belief in her powers of forecasting.

The case, the defence to which is a denial, was adjourned.

HOW LONG A BURGLARY TAKES.

"I have done many burglaries in an hour, and several in less time than that."

This is an extract from the evidence given by a convict named Collins in a case at the Old Bailey yesterday, in which Charles and Henry Sutherland were sentenced to six months' hard labour and five years' penal servitude respectively for burglary.

VICAR AND BARRISTER QUARREL.

The village of Stoke-Subhamdon has a cause célèbre of its own. The vicar is suing a local baronet for criminal libel, and the case has been sent for trial.

In the evidence at Yeovil Police Court yesterday it was stated that the vicar, Rev. W. E. Cousens, had said the barrister, named Lewes, was drunk at a certain dinner, and Lewes is said to have written an offensive letter against the vicar to a parishioner.

BOATRACE PROSPECTS.

Oxford Crew Falls Back on Old Craft, While
Cambridge Confidence Increases.

By deciding to use last year's boat the Oxford crew have clearly indicated their concern at the steady improvement of the prospects of Cambridge in Saturday's race. They have also increased the public interest, which has grown day by day with the prospect of one of the keenest of contests.

Oxford came up to Putney with a great reputation, which has in one way and another become shattered. The Cambridge men were said to be good, but quite outclassed by their powerful opponents.

A week went by, and public opinion veered round. The men who betted odds of two to one on the Dark Blues, and they have been too premature, and the friends of Cambridge are now ready to bet odds of six to four on their favourites.

Many reasons are advanced for the disappointing form of the Dark Blues. A comparison of the crews shows the following differences:—

	Oxford.	Cambridge
Weight (without cox)	97st. 13lb.	95st. 12lb.
Coat (suits)	180lb.	180lb.
Width of blade of oar	54in.	54in.
Began training	Jan. 15	Jan. 8
Full course trial	21min. 17sec.	21min. 15sec.

The inability of the Oxford crew to become used to their new boat is affirmed to be exceedingly to their disadvantage.

The decision of Oxford to use narrower oars than their rivals is rather astonishing considering they are 4lb. per man heavier. Leander and other Putney crews use 54in. and even 60in. oars.

Experts are of opinion that Mr. Fletcher has not time to get his men into proper trim, and a further advantage is in this connection claimed for Cambridge, as Mr. Muntlebury has got the Light Blues men physically perfect. As a matter of fact, however, it is here that the Dark Blues have an advantage.

Both crews have rowed two full-course trials, and if any reliance can be placed on these performances Cambridge should win.

MIDDLE-AGED, BUT TROUBLESOME.

Mother Seeks Protection from a Son Who Prefers the
Unearned Breakfast.

How a son of forty-eight annoyed his mother so as to injure her health was described in the West London Police Court yesterday by Mr. John Haynes, who appeared on behalf of a widow residing in Kensington.

The son, said Mr. Haynes, was forty-eight years of age, and though he had been turned out of his home once he gained an entrance again by jumping the area railings and pushing his way through the kitchen door.

The Magistrate: And he is forty-eight years old. He must be very active.

• Mr. Haynes: He is, sir, and my client is afraid that he will resist a second ejection. The whole trouble is that he is a lazy man. He could easily earn his own living, but he holds credentials from influential persons, including the Prime Minister, but he prefers the luxury of an unearned breakfast, lunch, and dinner, with a comfortable bed.

The Magistrate declined to take action, and advised an application for an injunction in a civil court.

NEW PITT-HARDACRE CASE.

Lord Mayor of Manchester Sued for Acting as
Treasurer of the Defence Fund.

The latest development of the Pitt-Hardacre slander case, which caused so much interest in Manchester a few years ago, is that Mr. Pitt-Hardacre has now issued a writ against the Lord Mayor of Manchester.

This action arises from the fact that the members of the Manchester City Council subscribed to a fund—of which the Lord Mayor was treasurer—to enable Mr. Williams, a member of the council, to defend the suit recently brought against him by Mr. Pitt-Hardacre.

This suit was contested a fortnight ago, when Mr. Pitt-Hardacre was awarded £50 damages against Mr. Williams.

"CAULDRONS OF WITCHCRAFT."

"The defendant considers me a witch, and tells everyone so," said Harriet Webb in a case at Norwich yesterday, when Alice Amelia Armes was summoned for using threats.

Continuing her strange story, complainant stated defendant once called a policeman in the middle of the night, and asked if he could not smell the cauldrons of witchcraft. Armes was bound over to keep the peace.

ILLNESS OF MR. BENNET BURLEIGH.

We regret to learn of the dangerous illness of Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the well-known war correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." He is suffering from double pneumonia, and his condition last night was of the gravest character.

10 minute walk Oxford-circus and principal shopping thoroughfares; not usual boarding-house style; every home comfort; good plain cooking, liberal table; inclusive terms from 30s. full, 25s. partial.—10, Colosseum-terrace, N.W.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1906.

"NO BUSINESS OF MINE!"

AN American visitor to London saw a horse lying in a pool of blood on Tuesday morning in Fleet-street. It lay there from eleven till past one o'clock, dying in agony and inflicting a horrible sight upon the passers-by.

The American remarked to a policeman that in his village the local knacker would have made a short job of the poor creature and the body would have been got out of the way very quickly. "No business of mine, guv'nor," was that intelligent constable's reply.

The English "official attitude" could not be more tersely or more comprehensively expressed. No alertness of mind, no general anxiety for improvement, no wide conception of duty. Just a dull, unimaginative, hide-bound observance of certain hard-and-fast rules. Beyond that, "No business of mine."

It is not only the official attitude either. It is to be found in all walks of life, among all classes. Question a bricklayer, a factory-hand, a schoolmaster, a company director about some possible improvement in their methods of work. More likely than not you will get that stupid, depressing answer, "No business of mine."

Everything that has to do with their work is the business of all intelligent workers. How do the men who get on in the world manage to outstrip their fellows? By doing just what they are set to do and no more? By repeating the formula, "No business of mine"? Of course not.

They succeed by dint of making it their business to look about and see what they can do beyond the daily round, the common task. They are not content to put their feet just where others have made steps. They strike out for themselves, accept responsibility, show that they are eager for progress and reform.

Is it something in the English nature, or something in our system of education, that tends to dull the mind, and to make people stodgily afraid of doing anything they are not instructed to do in writing? Why do we still have these distressing horse-accident scenes in our streets?

We have been talking about horse ambulances for years. It has been suggested over and over again that every police-station should keep the small syringe and the poison needed to put suffering animals out of their pain. Yet we still have the horrible spectacle of injured horses slowly dying in crowded thoroughfares, just because everyone says, "No business of mine."

It is the business of everybody to see that our streets no longer resemble a shambles, and that the horses which serve us so well are treated in a humane, not in a savage manner that would disgrace cannibals.

If those who have the power to introduce reforms persist in murmuring in their sleep that it is none of their business, they must be allowed to slumber no more in positions of authority.

It is a small matter that the Telegraph Department should charge 3d. for Henley-on-Thames and 14d. for Goring-on-Thames. But this is typical of the illogicality of Government Office methods, and typical, too, is the chorus of "No business of mine" which arises whenever an absurd anomaly like this is pointed out.

We want a spirit of common sense and reason to animate our doings, national and individual. We want everyone from policemen to Prime Ministers to say to themselves whenever a difficulty crops up, "This is my business" instead of "No business of mine." That is the only plan which will ever result in clearing our difficulties away.

II.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity. A perpetual calm will never make a man happy.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Anglo-Saxon Club is to give a dinner to Sir John Forrest to-night, who has been most enthusiastically entertained during his present stay in England. In Australia he has a double reputation—part of it gained as an explorer, part as a statesman. Sir John was the first to cross Australia from Adelaide to Perth, and, with the exception of Mr. Seddon, he held the Premiership of Western Australia, I think, longer than anyone else in the history of the Colony.

The responsibilities of a Colonial Governor are heavy and some of his adventures by no means pleasant. Sir John had, for instance, about eight years ago, to settle a rather serious mining dispute at Coolgardie—a town, by the way, which ought to be for ever grateful to him, since he was who supplied it with a decent water system. When Sir John arrived in the town, on this occasion, the miners approached him with their demands, and requested, particularly, that two of their number might be released who had been imprisoned for an offence against the law. He was unable to consent to this. Whereupon the miners—one of the roughest lots, notoriously anywhere to be found—set upon him as he was returning to the station, kicked and stoned him, and sent his train off with a volley of bricks that broke every window in it! It does not do to displease Coolgardie miners.

Dramatic critics are expected to be present simultaneously at two different places this evening—managers have a foolish way of exacting these physical impossibilities from them. Mr. Barrie's play at the Comedy collides with the New Stage Club's performances of Villiers de l'Isle Adam's

spirit of commercialism in certain sections of society. I spoke of the amiable person who used to take her friends out to dine with her at restaurants, and, at the end, ask them to contribute their share of the expense. Then there was a hostess who had the most insinuating way of offering to lend her house for wedding receptions, but afterwards used to ask for a considerable fee. Now a still more amusing story is being told—so beautiful that it really ought to be true as well.

It is said that a young man, quite well-known in society, found himself in a theatre the other day with only a 35 note. He wanted to buy a programme, so this was distinctly awkward; the attendant, of course, had no change. As he was standing up in his stall wondering what on earth to do he heard a guttural voice behind him murmur: "I will give you 24 18s. for that note!" The words proceeded from a successful Hebrew merchant in the seat behind him, who saw a chance of doing a bit of business and was unable to resist it! I ought to add that the offer was refused.

Polling for the Eye election takes place to-morrow, and everybody is waiting to see what will be the measure of Lady Mary Hamilton's success as a canvasser. The fact that Lord Graham has been assisted by so popular a person as Mr. Pierrepont Edwards ought, one would think, to do a good deal for him. Mr. Edwards, I am told, rather objects to being called the "fighting person," yet he has certainly won a right to the name, though he may not, as he says, be professionally a fighting man.

He gained a great reputation, you may remember, when he was a curate working in the

ONE SUNNY MORNING DOES NOT MAKE IT SUMMER.



When the sun shines brightly and warmly, as it did yesterday, the weather is even more dangerous than it was on the dull, grey days of last week. For the treacherous east wind is still blowing, and those who leave anything off do so at their peril.

"La Révolte" and Mr. Arthur Symonds's morality play, "The Fool of the World." Mr. Symonds has had nothing produced before, and the only things he has as yet written for the stage are his excellent translations of D'Annunzio's plays. He is now, I believe, writing a tragedy on the well-worn subject of Tristram and Isolde.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam is a writer now very well known in France, though during his lifetime he was not allowed much recognition. He was a most interesting person to meet, and might often be heard in the cafés of the Boulevard St. Michel making paradoxical monologues in front of admiring circles of long-haired, decadent poets. He had little twinkling eyes and a proud demeanour—his pride came, I fancy, from the consciousness that he was descended from a very old family in the south of France. Anyhow, there was nothing modern about him, and he used to express the bitterest contempt for modern manners.

Villiers suffered a good deal, indeed, from contact with the modern world. He used to say, in a delightful phrase, that he only lived "out of politeness," just as a man who is bored with a play hesitates to get up and go out in the middle of it, for fear of disturbing the rest of the audience. A similar delicacy forced Villiers to go on living. His writings are not well known in England. Some of his stories are very thrilling in the ghostly way, but a little remnant of Edgar Poe, or of Balzac's translation of him.

Not long ago two or three anecdotes were told here that were intended to illustrate the growing

slums of the Borough, as a valuable help to the policemen, who are necessarily so unpopular in the district. Once, in Southwark Bridge-road, he really saved an officer's life. He saw a crowd of unkempt people surrounding two prostrate bodies—a hooligan sitting upon a policeman and rapidly engaged in pummeling the life out of him. Mr. Edwards rushed up, pushed a way through the sullen, hating crowd, and tore the ruffian off his victim. That, of course, is not the kind of action likely to make a man popular amongst hooligans.

It was, however, the sort of thing that Mr. Edwards was constantly forced to do. Whenever anyone was taken off to the lock-up there was danger of the policeman being set upon by the crowd. Often, though, Mr. Edwards saw the men being threatened for doing only what they had to do. Once he went directly up to one of them who was obviously in danger, and said, "I am here to defend you if they attempt a rescue." The hooligans, for some reason, did not show themselves disposed to take on the parson and the policeman at the same time. These, you see, are the kind of incidents an East End curate has to deal with.

The unfavourable criticism passed by Sir George Livesey upon the picketing clause of the new Trade Union Bill ought to be received with some respect, even by the labourers concerned, because his name is associated with certain experiments in the direction of profit-sharing which have materially benefited the workmen of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of which Sir George Livesey is chairman.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE DIVORCED WIFE'S SISTER.

In this interesting correspondence I have not yet observed the true answer to the original query Leviticus xviii, 18, R.V., which is the better rendering of the Hebrew text, reads thus: "And thou shalt not take a woman to her sister, to be a rival to her . . . in her lifetime."

The phrase italicised, commonly paraphrased, "so long as she liveth," under the Jewish economy applied to the case of the divorced precisely with the same force as to that of the undivorced wife's sister. In actual sentiment it may be that the former of these marriages (with the divorced wife's sister) was regarded with greater horror than that with the undivorced.

Marriage with a deceased wife's sister was a totally different thing, and was not forbidden. The canon of the English Church, therefore, expressly claiming to be founded upon Scripture, should prohibit marriage with a living wife's sister—the wife being divorced or not; but should place no restriction of the kind upon the deceased wife's sister.

T. PAVNER ALLEN.
Marriage Law Reform Association, 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster Abbey.

THE TAX ON DOGS.

Who with any sense of refinement at all can tolerate dogs in cities?

Their incessant barking and howling for hours at a stretch every night deprive one of sleep and destroy nerves and temper as well.

Kingsbury, Wincmore-hill, N. J. HARLICK.

Some of the people who have written to you evidently do not like dogs themselves, and want other people who do to pay heavily for their dislikes. I do not see why the "pet beast" should not have a pretty blue necktie and a dainty suit if the owner chooses to get them. I am afraid we should be badly off without dogs, and I consider they are a great safeguard against burglars, etc. The tax we pay is quite sufficient, and it would be far better if a tax were put on cats, which are a greater nuisance than dogs.

A. BROWN.
Leicester.

SPURS FOR HORSEWOMEN.

The chief reason why the great majority of horsewomen in these islands do not use spurs is because they possess the ability to ride and get across a country without them, and I am sure have nothing to learn from their foreign or Colonial sisters in this direction.

Not very long ago another lady (also from Little Missenden), in advocating in the "Daily Mail" the use of spurs by ladies, gave as one reason that they were a good thing to freshen a horse after a day's hunting, and your present correspondent evidently thinks the best results can only be obtained by the constant use of a spur.

The constant use of a spur is heart-breaking to a good, honest horse, and one can only conclude that the lot of horses in the hands of some of the sportswomen from this particular district is often that of the policeman—"not a happy one."

Edgbaston. HUGH WILSON.

"PROSPERITY."

Allow us to ask you these questions:—Why do the bookmakers look so fat and prosperous with their gold chains and diamond rings? Why do the publicans look so hale and hearty, and prosper, while the poor children look weak and puny, as you suggest? THREE READERS.
Guildford.

If "H. H. F." knew a man who had to be fed and clothed by other people, he would surely not be surprised that he was in poor health. That is the case with England, so why should anyone wonder at her decadence?

G. E. RANDALL.

Artillery-mansions, Westminster.

THE BAKERLOO TUBE.

I am sorry to hear of the slump in the "Bakerloo" Railway. But is not the explanation in one word? There are no good pennyworths.

The line is too short to make it worth while to take twopenny tickets as between Baker-street and Waterloo. Most of us are going a short distance only, and for these we have to pay a full twopenny fare, and we live in a halfpenny-age, though we might sometimes stretch a point and pay a penny.

PENNYWISE.

Regent's Park-terrace, Gloucester Gate.

IN MY GARDEN.

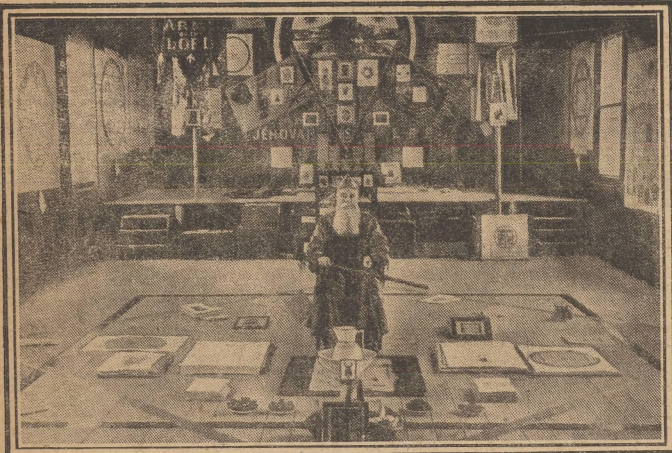
APRIL 4.—Many people seem to think that a "wild garden" (they even call it sometimes an "old-fashioned garden") is a place where the borders are seldom touched, where weeds are allowed to abound. This, of course, is not true—unless the "weeds" are lovely flowers.

To-day the snowy blooms of the wood anemones (a most welcome "weed" in shady places) begin to cover the ground, between them countless violets hide.

There are many other "weeds" which should be allowed to run wild in our gardens, such as bluebells, harebells, primroses, cowslips, honey-suckle; and when harebells spring from between the stones of the rocky paths, when one has to trample on primroses yellowing a damp path, a "wild garden" is ours.

F. T.

MAN WHO ^{THE} PREDICTS END of the WORLD



Sincerity may be claimed as the chief virtue of the adherents of the new prophet at Portslade-by-Sea, Sussex. Mr. James W. Wood, styled King Solomon, and photographed in his temple, was born in 1830, and when fourteen years old was converted to the principles of the Agapemonites by the famous Brother Prince.

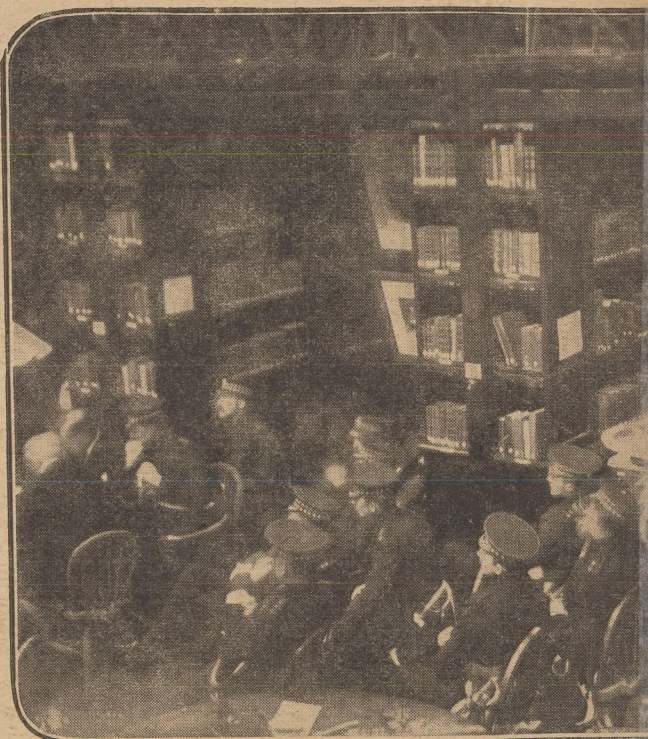


King Solomon has aroused considerable interest in the adjacent town of Brighton, which he calls Yaathawah—i.e., Forsaken of the Lord—as he was there evicted from his lodgings, by prophesying the end of the world within fourteen days. On the left he holds the hoop representing the world and on the right Jacob's ladder.



King Solomon outside the entrance to his ark, which adjoins his private residence.

Scots Guards Ragging Yes

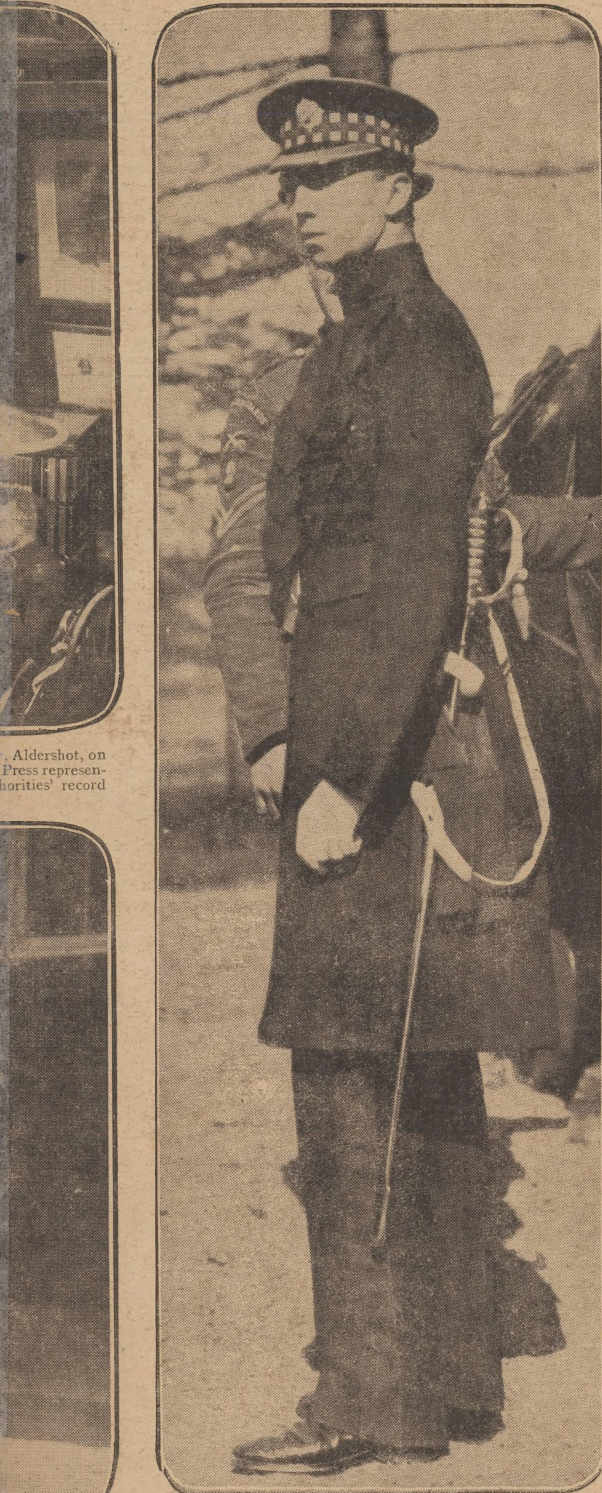


Officers of the Scots Guards, who arrived late at the court of inquiry held yesterday at the ragging of Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy. At the moment the photograph was taken the ragging was asked by Lord Robert Cecil to read his shorthand note for their benefit, as the ragging was halting and imperfect.



Lieutenant-Colonel Cuthbert, in command of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, outside the court of inquiry room at Aldershot yesterday.

ay's Court of Inquiry.



Aldershot, on
Press represen-
thorities' record

Clark-Kennedy

Second-Lieutenant Clark-Kennedy, who states he was stripped by his brother officers and bathed in motor-oil and jam. He escaped naked out of a window and took refuge in an Aldershot hotel.—(Continued on page 11.)

NEWS by CAMERA

A MALE EMU HATCHING WOODEN EGGS.



As the male emu at the Zoological Gardens has previously neglected the duty male emus are expected to perform of hatching out eggs, he is now patiently keeping warm a batch of croquet balls, while the real eggs are in an incubator.

FRESH FLOWERS AND FRUIT ON WOMEN'S HATS.



Quite the newest thing in spring feminine hat-wear is trimmed with real flowers or fruit. Some London florists are making a speciality of this class of work.

LAST MEET OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.



Miss A. Bruce, well known with the Cotswold Hounds, jumping a wall into the road at Chatcombe, Seven Springs, at the last meet of the season.

By Right of Love.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XLII.

Susan was sleeping the deep sleep of intense physical exhaustion, and did not stir or make the least movement when her husband entered the room, nor when he switched on the electric light did her eyelashes flicker. She might have been dead, she lay so quiet and still, and Chester shuddered as he crossed over and stood by the side of the bed. For what would he have felt the wonder, if Susan had actually perished by her own hand, and had swallowed the laudanum instead of thinking about it.

How he had loved her! His thoughts flew back to the moment when he had discovered, from the girl's own letter, that the girl whom he had considered the purest and sweetest of her sex had only married him for his miserable money.

His love for his wife had been dying slowly and gradually since that hour, and now he supposed, looking down on her, that it must be absolutely dead, but pity remained—a great and boundless pity.

"Poor child," he murmured aloud. "If she loves her cousin as deeply, as passionately, as I love Henrietta."

Susan started and stirred; then sat up in bed with a little scream. She could hardly believe her own eyes, or take in the amazing fact that her husband was bending over her. What did Paul's presence mean in her room?

"Forgive me, Susan, if I startled you," Chester began, gently, quite unmoved by his wife's ethereal beauty, that veil of shining yellow hair flowing over her shoulders, those eyes as blue as speedwell flowers. For he was a worshipper now at the shrine of another type of woman, and Susan's frail beauty meant nothing to him, and less than nothing.

"What is it?" She leaned up against her pillow, and the dawn streaking in through the window revealed the sick anxiety so plainly written upon her face. Then a fit of trembling seized her, and she quivered in every limb.

"You're cold?" muttered Chester. He spoke in dull tones; then, noticing a dainty negligee jacket on a chair drawn up by the bed, he slipped it over his wife's shoulders.

"Yes, there's something I've got to confess," he went on. "I've not been as true to you, Susan, as I believe you have always been to me. I've not kept as strictly to my marriage vow as a man should."

She stared at him with dilated eyes, hardly realising the reference made to herself, for she was desperately eager to hear what he had to say.

"Go on, go on," she cried feverishly, as he paused for breath. "don't you see how you are keeping me in suspense?"

"There's little more to add," he answered, moistening his dry lips with his tongue; "only that I have grown to care too deeply for Henrietta, and to-night—for the first time—I tried to kiss her. She is not to blame, mark you," he went on quickly, "the fault is all on my side. She only likes me as a friend."

"That's a lie—she loves you!" Susan spoke hoarsely, clenching her white hands under the sheet, for was it to tell her of his love for another woman that her husband had sought her room—just to confess his infidelity to thought.

"I felt I ought to speak to you—that I owed it to you in common fairness, notwithstanding the peculiar relations we bear to each other."

He spoke with slow deliberation, and seemed to be weighing each word.

"It will not occur again, I want you to understand that," he continued firmly. "You can trust me in the future to keep my marriage vows loyally. I shall see as little as I possibly can of the Duchess from to-day. I shall devote my whole life to the service of my country."

"But you love her—do you love her very much, Paul?" She asked the question in a voice which ought to have told him all, and her eyes were pitiful as they gazed entreatingly into his.

"I am afraid I do," he answered quietly, "but all the same I am going to forget that she is my neighbour's wife, or the vows I swore at God's altar."

"I see," returned Susan. She had grown very pale, and her face looked pinched in the cold light of the dawn, then she drew a heavy, shuddering breath. "I am sure I can trust you to be true in word and deed," she muttered, "but what of the secret longings of the heart, the wild yearnings of the soul?"

Pain gave a keen bitterness to her voice. Chester shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, to every man his dream," he replied. "But surely, Susan, you will have nothing to complain of as long as I am faithful to the outward conditions of our marriage bond."

"Which, after all, is no marriage," she said quietly, "only the unfortunate yoking of a man and woman who would be far, far happier apart."

To this he made no answer, there was none to make. In a spirit of rigid honesty he had come to his wife's room to clear his conscience, also hoping that if he made confession to Susan she, in her turn, would tell him of the desperate attempt she had nearly made upon her life; but it appeared that she intended to withhold her confidence, and not to trust him with the secret.

"Paul!" Her voice startled him, it was so full of decision and determination. "I want to go back

to Amphlett Court," she continued. "I hate London and London life. Let me go back to the country and take Milly with me."

She clasped her hands in sudden entreaty.

Chester frowned, for he felt convinced that people would talk if he and his wife kept up two separate establishments, and yet, poor soul, she was fleeing from temptation, perhaps. It might be that she couldn't bear to meet Robert, or else that she was really tired out and exhausted, and needed the peace of green pastures.

"Of course, you can go back to Amphlett Court, if you want to," he answered kindly. "Naturally you can."

He moved slowly towards the door, then came to a sudden halt.

"You understand my reason for disturbing you this morning? I couldn't rest till I had your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?" She smiled. "Oh, you didn't sin against me, Paul, so much as against yourself and your own high ideals. You are not apologising so much to me the woman—as to the broken law."

"If you really want my forgiveness, take it," she murmured, "and as to the future, I trust you absolutely, completely." She said the words faintly—rather wearily—for she was beginning to feel strangely tired, stupidly inclined to cry, and she was glad, nay thankful, when the door finally closed behind Chester and she was left to quiet peace and solitude.

Glittering sunshine was beginning to stream through the windows and flood the room with light. Susan watched the sun-rays dreamily, then a faint smile crossed her lips.

"Perhaps—in the far-away future—" she murmured, "oh, perhaps, I am going to be happy. I think God always meant me to be happy."

She sighed; then her face hardened as she thought of Henrietta and her husband's confession.

"It was all the woman's fault—not his," she muttered. "Henrietta tempted him, and, after all, he came to me to be forgiven—to his wife."

CHAPTER XLIII

The same afternoon, only a few hours after he had left Susan's room, Chester made his great speech—a speech, for all that it was his maiden one, that the House listened to with grave attention, realising that a new star had arisen in the political firmament, that this was a man whose words must be heard and heeded.

He was on his feet for about twenty minutes, and sat down to a wild tumult of applause. He was excited, stirred, a little flushed by his triumph; but, half unconsciously, he raised his head to see if he could discern Henrietta sitting behind the grille in the Ladies' Gallery. For he knew she would be there to hear him speak; she had promised him so.

But what about the promise he for his own part had made Susan? He averted his eyes even as Henrietta waved her hand to him—the hand which trembled ever so little; for the woman was feeling more stirred than she had ever been in her life. She felt as if she had been assisting at the coronation of a king—a king to whom she had pointed out the way to the throne.

She was perplexed and surprised later on when Chester, instead of seeking her out on the terrace, dashed into a hansom, getting away as swiftly as he could from the congratulations of his friends, his party, and ordered the cabman to drive to Sloane-street. For a sudden desire had come upon him to tell Susan of his success, and to ask her why she had not been in the House to listen to his speech. For he felt that something must be done to bring himself and his wife more closely in touch with each other; they mustn't drift utterly and hopelessly apart.

He reached the house in Sloane-street at about six o'clock, and made his way at once to the drawing-room. But Susan was not there; nor were there any traces of her presence about. Her work-box and embroidery-frame had been moved from their accustomed place, the music put away, the piano shut and locked.

Chester gazed about him blankly, then walked slowly across the drawing-room into a smaller room, which led out of the larger apartment and had communicating doors.

Susan had turned it into her boudoir, and it was very likely, he told himself, that she might be sitting there now.

But when he entered the room he found himself, to his intense surprise, confronted with Flora, for he had no idea his sister-in-law was in London.

She was sorting-out papers from a desk, packing them into a small box, and she glanced at him with a malicious smile.

"Flora, where do you spring from?" he asked, and there was a note of distinct anxiety in his voice—of concern. "And where is Susan?"

"Susan?" Flora answered. "Why, she went off with Milly to Amphlett this afternoon. I have come round from Agnes's, where I am staying for a week, to write some necessary letters for Sue, and to see to things she was too busy to attend to herself before leaving."

"Flora, do you really mean to say that Susan has left me—has gone?" he asked blankly.

"I do," returned Flora, and there was asperity and triumph in her voice.

(To be continued.)

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"Spring Cleaning" is near,

"I must have my friend here,"

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A woman's influence gains or loses according to her condition of health. To be bright and fascinating it is necessary to feel well. It is impossible for a woman to shine when depressed by suffering. Relief from the pain and depression, to which a woman is at certain times liable, can be obtained by the use of

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which enjoys world-wide fame for its beneficial effect upon the organs most liable to become sluggish and weak. It stirs, stimulates, and maintains them in brisk, healthy action. Ladies who take an occasional draught of this invigorating beverage (the chief ingredient of which is the juice of the Juniper berry) will find their health and spirits agreeably reinforced by it.

4/- A LARGE BOTTLE.

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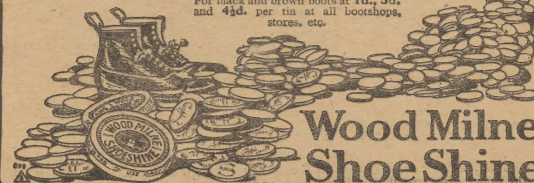
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and use it. It is waterproof and besides making boots bright and keeping them bright for days preserves the leather.

It is easiest to use. Just a dab, a quick rub, and your boots are brighter than they've ever been before.

For black and brown boots at 1d., 3d., and 4d. per tin at all bootshops, stores, etc.



Wood Milne Shoe Shine

DOOMED BOARDS OF GUARDIANS.

Power of the Borough Councils Also
To Be Diminished.

EQUAL RATES SCHEME.

London's boards of guardians are doomed.

A movement is growing steadily that will result not only in the establishing of one Poor-law authority for the capital—a Bill for which may be expected soon—but in centralising the sanitary administration of the metropolitan district, and in many other ways changing the machinery for dealing with public business.

There are good reasons to induce the Government to seek to obtain popularity in London by a reconstruction of the Poor-law administrative machine on up-to-date and economical lines.

People understand a county, borough, or district council election, but they cannot be got to understand why they should elect a body to deal with Poor-law in exactly the same area as that of their council.

VOTERS' APATHY.

In London, at the last guardians' election, there were no contests in 115 wards, and where contests took place all modern electioneering methods could only get twenty-five per cent. of the voters to the poll.

When we take away the votes of the unsuccessful candidates it is found that the men and women who this year, and every year, spend over £3,000,000 of the ratepayers' money, hold their right to do so by the votes of seven per cent. of the electorate.

With the change will come one Poor-rate for all London. Hampstead will have to pay for the maintenance of the poor of Poplar and Bermondsey; the City merchant will pay for the food and lodging of the worn-out riverside labourer, who has unloaded the ships that brought the merchant's wealth.

These 2,000 London guardians will no longer fix our assessments; they will be dealt with on a uniform basis by the County Council, who will know no one and favour nobody.

BOROUGH COUNCIL'S DUTIES.

The borough councils will be given the duty of enforcing vaccination, unless the Government, yielding to the anti-vaccinationists, drop compulsion. They will collect all rates for the County Council, administer relief according to regulations common to all London, framed and governed by the central authority, which may be the County Council when its numbers have been doubled.

If those districts which are now chafing under the inquisitorial doings of the Local Government Board will realise that they have everything to gain from a financial point of view, they will welcome all inquiries.

In borough council work there is unmistakable evidence of lost ground. The London County Council seeks to control all the public work of London, and to hand over to the local councils the detailed work—the humdrum—reserving the honour and power for itself.

The first thing it is determined to get is the control of the streets, so that no borough council may veto tramway proposals.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT DOOMED.

It is pushing an ambulance service, which it wishes to force upon the Corporation in the name of uniformity, although the City has decided upon its own scheme.

It interfered with the building of the new Central Criminal Court, built for all London, but paid for by the City; it is even scheming now to prevent the King opening the new court next month.

It is attempting to unify the system of notification of infectious disease; it is working to get the control of it in its own hands. This done, it will ask for the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Should it succeed with its Electricity Bill, it will absorb all the undertakings of the borough councils, in the cause of economy and uniformity.

These things are being done quietly but effectively. The County Council is engaged in strengthening its position until it becomes too powerful for any Government to touch.

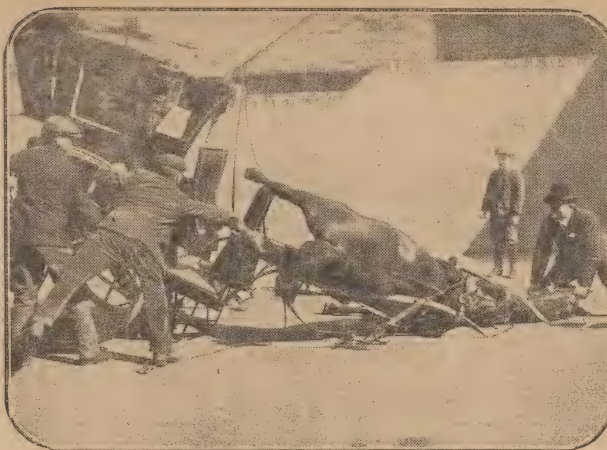
As its power grows that of all the local authorities dwindles. Local government has given place to government by province. County government is the government of the future.

DISCOMFITED STRIKE LEADER.

Yesterday the Manchester unemployed proposed to line the corridors of the town hall just before a council meeting, but the police would not allow them to enter.

While their leader was protesting to the Lord Mayor the police dispersed the wrong crowd, and when the leader returned he found his followers in twos and threes.

MISHAP WHILE RACING FOR A TRAIN.



To catch a train at Aldershot yesterday with snapshots of the court of inquiry, which appear on pages 1, 8, and 9, the *Daily Mirror* photographer took a fast hansom to the station. Unfortunately, the horse fell, and the photographer secured another cab, but, with true professional instinct, he took a snapshot of the incident before he left the spot.

YESTERDAY'S JEWISH WEDDING.



Wedding of Mr. Paul Richards and Miss Eva Spitzel at the Synagogue, St. Petersburg-place.

GREENWICH PARK DEER WHICH KILLED A MAN.



While walking through Greenwich Park reading a newspaper a man named Sadler was injured by the deer on the edge of the path in the foreground, and has died. The deer is remarkably tame, and is accustomed to be fed from paper bags.

CITY INTELLIGENCE WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 15.

FACTS CONCERNING MENTAL DEPRESSION

Men and women who are engaged in business, the professions, teaching, journalism, or who have embraced an artistic career, are only too familiar with mental depression, and the worst of it is that frequently the wrong treatment is adopted, and consequently no permanent good is gained. No description can paint in sufficiently strong colours the acute suffering mental depression inflicts on its victims. The mind is filled with gloomy forebodings and vague presentiments of coming trouble, and there is a general feeling that everything is wrong and will not come right. Under such circumstances daily duties are an almost insupportable burden, and the lack of energy and power of mental concentration which is another symptom of the condition worry the sufferer, and still further depress the spirits, until good work becomes almost impossible. In all questions of health you should go to the root of things. Discover the real cause of the trouble, instead of merely dealing with the symptoms, and you will have taken one step towards finding the remedy. Get down to the cause of mental depression and other symptoms of nervous exhaustion, and apply the remedy there. Then, and then only, is your condition likely to show real improvement. The causes of mental depression and other forms of nervous exhaustion are too deep down to be corrected either by stimulants or general tonics.

REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Mental depression is, in the majority of cases, the result of nervous exhaustion, and nervous exhaustion is the result of the wearing away of nerve tissue quicker than it is replaced. If the nervous system is thoroughly restored and rebuilt, the clouds of mental depression will lift, and you will once again be ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Tonules restore and rebuild the nervous system. That is the secret of their power. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will effect just what you want. Bishop's Tonules do two things. First they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn away, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink, and a double benefit is thus gained.

A. C. writes: "I think it my duty to write and let you know of the splendid results I have received from Bishop's Tonules. I suffered from Nervousness and Weariness, and always felt tired when I wanted to do any work or put forth any exertion. I am pleased to say that after taking Bishop's Tonules my energy and strength returned, and I felt much better altogether, and can heartily recommend them to anyone suffering from nervousness or depression."

TO-DAY IS THE BEST DAY

to commence Bishop's Tonule treatment. Send for a vial, which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d., post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d. With every package is enclosed a leaflet on "Nervous Disorders," full of useful facts and information. N.B.—Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

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FOR 1906.

TELLS WHERE TO GO, HOW TO GET THERE, WHERE TO STAY.

No better or more exhaustive holiday guide than this has ever before been published. It deals essentially with just those characteristics that a holiday-seeker wants to know—the salient features of each resort, its aspect, whether mild or bracing, if sheltered from the north and east winds, and its facility for sport, such as golf, cricket, fishing, etc. Roads for motoring and cycling—beach or sands; bathing (whether mixed or otherwise) have not been lost sight of in its compilation.

It describes the most enjoyable places in England and Wales in which to spend the holiday, as well as those of Scotland and Ireland. Attention has also been given to some of the most popular holiday resorts on the Continent.

The "Daily Mirror" Holiday Resort Guide should be in the hands of all thinking of Easter Holidays, as it describes not only where to go and how to get there, but also where to stay, a list of the best apartments and hotels in each case being given.

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Cloth Vest, trimmed with Silk Braid and Fancy
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(RED SEAL)
SCOTCH WHISKY**

C-B's True Hair Grower

ONE BOX SUFFICIENT.



Dear Sir,—I regret not having written to you before, but I have been waiting to see whether the first box would be sufficient. I may say that when I had finished the hair grew plentifully, and is now as thick as any on my head. I had great pleasure in forwarding this small testimonial, and you are quite at liberty to publish this as you think proper. I must say the preparation is most excellent, and I will do my best to recommend it to all my friends.
Yours respectfully, W. DUNNING.

HAIR GROWN ON HEADS which have been BALD FOR YEARS.

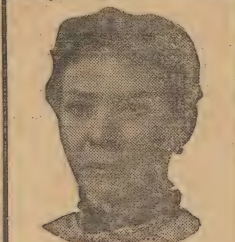
This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility; your attention is being drawn to hundreds of testimonials that have reached me. I have a collection of testimonials, voluntarily given, of complete names and instances for obvious letter can be shown London office. To this unsolicited testimony.



READ THIS WARNING.

A series of assertions are constantly being made in the interests of internal growing hair that External remedies are useless. These statements are not true and are easily disproved by any Physician, Chemist, or even a Student entering upon his medical career. External Treatment for Hair Troubles is, and will remain, the sheet anchor of modern medical practice, and statements made to the contrary can only succeed in misleading the ignorant and unsentient.

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Dear Sir,—I can truly say your True Hair Grower is everything it is represented to be. Five months ago, that was in July, I was quite bald, and could not grow hair. I got trial box, and in six weeks I was able to put my hat on and go out. My hair is now three inches long, and I think another box to apply occasionally will be quite sufficient for my case. Your True Hair Grower cannot be too fully appreciated, and I shall recommend it to all my friends.
(Mrs.) L. BROSCH

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Let the user beware of ignorantly compounded dyes. Many substitutes for Seeger's are offered. They contain Acetic Acid, Lead, Mercury, Nitrate of Silver, and Lead. Quite apart from danger to the scalp, they give crude green, puce, and coffee-colored tints to the hair that make the user appear ludicrous. Better far to remain grey than to attempt to use them.

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Circumstances alter cases. Hinde's Wavers alter fates.

real hair savers. **Wavers**

Chapter 1

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The best results cannot be obtained from Fels-Naptha if you use it in the old way.

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ODDS AND ENDS OF DRESS

NEW CRAVATS AND EMBROIDERED LINGERIE NECKWEAR.

Turnover collars and cuffs embroidered by hand are still with us, and more beautiful than ever. The chief difference between those of the present and past seasons lies in the great depth of the cuff, which is adapted to the long, close sleeve, instead of the old-time wristband.

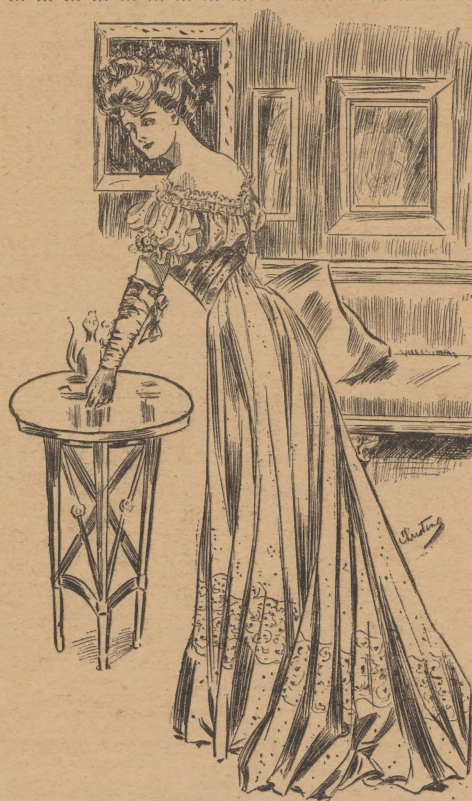
Offered in fine lawn and the finest linens, handsomely embroidered and inset with lace, are both these types of cuff. For the deep ones heavy linen is more practical than the very fine kind, which gets crumpled as soon as the cuffs are adjusted.

The reign of the elbow sleeve has, of course, interfered with the turnover cuff, but there are still

a touch of smartness even to the plainest of blouses. Sunflower rosettes trim some of the prettiest of the plainer hats, with perhaps a shaded quill, showing the colours of the rosettes, stuck through them. The rosettes are made of ribbon pulled out in long petal-like loops, with quite a reminiscence of the flower.

In millinery a new shade of pink has developed from the recently old rose which has become so popular of late, called raspberry. It is a shade that lends itself admirably to the wonderful two or three toned effects so charming in the new straws. Next to raspberry red for spring wear comes pale blue, which bids fair to rule. Pink also is to be a favourite colour for summer frocks, and must be of the palest tint.

Leghorn pleated tulle and crinoline hats meet with about equal favour. Some of the smartest shapes have high crowns and narrow brims, and if the brim is not narrow, in its original state, it is



The charming pale blue chiffon evening toilette, sewn with silver paillettes that is shown above depicts the new high sash, worn well above the waist, to give the dress the Empire effect that is now so smart. The gloves are fastened round the arms with ribbon bracelets, another modern touch.

many long sleeves worn, and the makers of collars and cuffs have met conditions to a certain extent by providing a few models, the cuffs of which can be adjusted to the elbow or midarm sleeve. Every kind of corsage is fitted with a little guimpe, made round or cut in a V, and though frequently such chemisettes are integral parts of the frock, they are very often made removable, so that they may be cleaned without disturbing the whole bodice. They can be bought ready made, and so can lace sleevelets, to be worn with three-quarter or elbow models.

Among pretty cravat novelties are little dog-collars of lace, made of ribbon and hand embroidery. Bands of real Valenciennes insertion form the strands of the collar, and the bars or supports are stiffened and ornamented with large embroidered medallions. Glove bracelets of fine lace and ribbon are also modish.

Stand-up collars made in one, with long tabs or bands, reaching quite to the belt, of Irish crochet and other kinds of lace, are accessories that give

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